Northern Messenger

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What He Forgot to Feed.

(By Rev. J. F. Cowan.)

'The minister's sermon was very good for those who can take it; but as for me, I'm too busy to read the Bible every day as he said.'

As he finished this speech, John Marsh happened to glance over his shoulder, and there stood the minister within hearing distance. He expected an immediate reproof, and was somewhat surprised and relieved when Mr. Brown walked away without saying anything.

Next day he was still more surprised at receiving an early call from his pastor.

'Good-morning, Brother Marsh,' was the salutation.

'Good-morning, Mr. Brown,' replied the puzzled man.

'I have come on a very serious business, began the pastor; 'it may seem like meddlesome interference, but I believe it is my duty. I have been told there is starvation on this farm and I have come to see about it.

'Starvation!' exclaimed John Marsh in amazed tones, 'who in the world has been putting you up to such nonsense as that? If there is anything that goes hungry on this farm, I can assure you that I do not know anything about it. Why, even the grasshoppers and potato bugs are well fed.

'Nevertheless,' said Mr. Brown, 'I shall be compelled to believe that the report is true, as I got it at first-hand, unless I am allowed to investigate and satisfy myself to the contrary.'

'Oh, certainly, investigate all you please, replied Mr. Marsh. 'Come along with me and I will show you.'

With long angry strides he led his pastor to the stable, where his plump, sleek horses stood with their mangers full of hay and a look of lazy contentment in their eyes. 'There,' he said, pointing to his row of handsome steeds, 'is there anything like a starved look about them? You'll not find brighter, cleaner hay or better oats in the county than they get.'

'You are right,' replied Mr. Brown, 'I am satisfied that whatever else starves on this farm, the horses do not.'

'Well, come along and see the cattle, then.'

So saying Mr. Marsh led his pastor to the large shed where the cattle stood contentedly chewing the cud over piles of fragrant timothy.

'I see it is not the cows either,' said Mr. Brown with a smile.

'Then we will go and visit the sheep,' said Mr. Marsh a smile of satisfaction beginning to show itself upon his face.

In the sheep-pen as elsewhere the long rack was filled with the very best of fodder, and the sheep were as well-fed and sleek-looking as the cattle and horses had been.

'Now come along and see my hogs,' continued Mr. Marsh, 'and then we'll go into the house, where breakfast is ready, and you shall see how the rest of us fare.'

Fatter than any of the stock were the hogs, some of them being hardly able to stand because of their great weight.

'No bones to rattle there,' said Mr. Marsh, with a grim smile. 'Now come in to breakfast.'

The breakfast which Mrs. Marsh brought steaming on the table was bountiful and appetizing. The half a dozen hired men, together with Mr. Marsh and his sons, who partook of it, certainly relished it, and none of them had a sickly or starved look.

'Now, boys, all ready for your day's work!' exclaimed Mr. Marsh, after they had finished their meal. Then turning to his guest he added, 'You are satisfied, I suppose, pastor, that somebody has been lying about me.'

'Pretty nearly,' was the answer, 'but wait a moment. I suppose you read a portion of God's Word and had prayers before I came this morning.'

'No,' acknowledged Mr. Marsh, quite taken by surprise again.

'Then I suppose you intend to do it this evening after your busy day is over,' persisted the pastor.

'No,' Mr. Marsh was again compelled to answer. 'We haven't been in the habit of doing that.'

'Then I suppose,' resumed the pastor, that each one has been given an opportunity and encouraged to read and pray for himself.'

'Not that I know of,' replied the farmer. 'It takes considerable hustling to get the chores done up in the morning ready for the day's work.'

'Then,' said the pastor, the serious look upon his face deepening, 'I think I have discovered where the starvation is. 'You

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away, far off from the gates of gold:
Away on the mountains wild and bare, away from the tender Shepherd's care.

—E. C. Clephane, in 'Day of Days.'

have been feeding your horses, your cattle, your sheep, your hogs, your hired men and your family generously; but you have been starving the most precious thing of all—your own soul and the souls of those under your roof. It was not the slanderous tongue of any of your neighbors that led me to know this, but your own remark which I overheard yesterday, that you were too busy to read the Bible.'—'American Messenger.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of June 5:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—

Previously acknowledged	$232.88
Wm. Grant	1.00
Mrs. Annie Andrews	1.00
A. W. Mullan	1.00
Linwood Sunday-school	7.55
St. John's Sunday-school, Eastman Ont.	1.25
E. B. Eby and family	2.50
Woodlake Council (No. 133) Royal Templars of Temperance, Boissevain, Man.	20.50
Mrs. Gray's Sunday-school class, South Vancouver, B.C.	1.00
George Palmer	1.00
Mrs. S. Reid	1.00
A Friend, Briggs' Corner, N.B.	1.00
Friends at Mindemoya, per J. C. Cochrane	15.00
Collected by Constance Massey, Marion Massey, Estelle Evans, Rita Evans, Edna Perrigo and Winnie Perrigo	50.50
Anonymous, Advocate, N.S.	1.00
A. F. MacLellan	1.00
A Friend, Three Lakes, Que.	1.00
A Child of God	1.40
Jubilee Division S. of T., No. 103	6.00
Sweetsburg	50.00
A Reader of the 'Witness,' Norwich	1.00
Elizabeth Clarke	1.00
M. H. Clarke	1.00
Peter D. Redner	1.00
E. McC.	1.00
Dr. Keyes	1.00
J. H. Holland	1.00
W. Partington	.25
Collected by George and Mary Bell, Seeburn, Man.—	
W. Bell	.25
J. Douglas	.10
D. Peddle	.25
W. Sweet	.25
John James	.40
George and Mary Bell	1.25
	2.50
Christina Readey	2.00
Point Fortune Y.P.S.C.E.	6.50
Mr. and Mrs. W. Garvin and family	2.50
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edwards	2.00
Mrs. Wm. Edwards	1.00
Miss C. E. McRorie	.50
Mrs. John McMurtrie	10.00
Collected through Eastern Townships Bank, Stanstead, Que.—	
Joseph G. Field, Stanstead	5.00
Hon. C. C. Colby, Stanstead	5.00
Proceeds Cinderella Concert, Stanstead	25.50
Mrs. A. B. Frost, Stanstead	1.00
N. B. Stewart, Beebe Plain	2.19
S. Stevens, Stanstead	2.00
Proceeds lecture by Kingsbury Foster, Derby Line, Vt.	12.79
	54.48
R. J. Holland	1.00
Union Sabbath-school of S. S. No. 4 Ryerson, Ont.	10.32
Marburg Messiah Church	5.25
Grange Hall appointment, Woodhouse	1.75
A Friend	.50
Misses K. Wilder and M. Matheson	1.25
Mary E. Nicholls	2.00
Charles Penno	2.00
One Who Wishes to Help	1.00
From Concert Fund, Danville Academy	25.00
Collected by the Children of Coldwater, Ont. Public School	3.60
Middlebrook Sunday-School	3.00
Norman Van Horn	.75
Mrs. D. Van Horn	.75
David Van Horn	.50
Wheatley Methodist Sunday-school	10.00
Margaret E. Monroe	1.00
Greenbush Sunday-School	1.50
Greenbush Day School	.75
A. B.	1.00
H. M. S.	1.00
St. Elmo W. C. T. U.	2.00
Collected by Mrs. John Riddle, Mille Isles, P.Q.—	
Mrs. Thomas Wilson	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Riddle	1.00
Mrs. Simon Pollock	1.00
Philip Goad	1.00
Mrs. John Riddle	1.00
Richard McCormick	.25
Thomas McCormick	.50
Martha Beattie	.25
William Hammond	.25
Charles Moore	.25
Oscar Patterson	.10
Mrs. J. Westgate	1.00
John Riddle	.30
George Westgate, sr	.10
Isaac Creathers	.10
Mrs. John Ryan	.20
Mrs. Will J. Elliott	.25
Mrs. Wm. Jas. Pollock	.35
Mrs. Samuel Pollock	.35
A Friend	.35
Mary Ann Taylor	.25
S. Wessenborn	.25
	10.00
Collected by Frances Hall, Trenholmville, Que.—	
Grace Hall	.10
Reginald Evans	.10
G. A. Snider	.10
Marion Barrie	.15
Charlie Trenholm	.10
Willie Armstrong	.10
G. L. Hall	.15
Marian Blanchette	.10
F. M. Hall	.10
R. Breadon	.25
C. G. Hall	.50
Dennis Cassin	.10
William Cassin	.10
M. J. Evans	.25
Wm. Hall	.10
John Cassin	.10
K. Trenholm	.25
John Hall	1.00
E. Dohan	.25
Wm. Hall	.10
Total	4.00
Collected by W. D. Cook, Lamerton, Alta.—	
Mr. W. D. Cook	2.50
Mrs. W. D. Cook	2.50
Mr. Don Gagnon	1.00
Mr. Louis Gagnon	1.00
Mrs. Jas. Brindle	1.00
Mr. Jas. Brindle	1.00
Mr. M. Prosser	1.00
Mr. O. D. Cook	1.00
Mr. Mat. Cook	1.00
Mrs. M. Cook	1.00
Mr. Joe Edmson	1.00
A Friend	1.00
Mr. V. Nece	1.00
Mrs. R. S. Cairns	1.00
Mr. R. S. Cairns	1.00
Mr. Jas Gadsby	1.00
Mr. Goter	1.00
Mr. Tom Tate	1.00
Mrs. C. Westhead	1.00
Mrs. T. Willett	1.00
Mr. Croft	.50
Mr. Allan Gagnon	.25
Mr. Geo. L. Cook	1.00
Mr. J. Scott	.25
Mrs. Jarvis	1.00
Mrs. Frank Grayham	1.00
	$27.00
Less postage	.15
	$26.85
Collected by I.O.G.T., Hallville, Ont.—	
Hattie Beggs	.25
Mrs. Jas. Scarlett	.25
Aggie Wylie	.25
Robt. Shaw	.25
A. C. Blain	.25
Mrs. R. J. Dougall	.50
Mrs. Jas. Beggs	.25
Jas. H. Kerr	.25
Della Wylie	.10
E. Smith	.50
Harvey Totten	.25
H. Martin	1.00
C. B. Kerr	1.00
James Scarlett	.25
Ethen Caughy	.25
J. W. Scarlett	.25
Wm. Duncan	.50
Sandy Kerr	.25
Mary Ennis	.25
Wesley Hay	.25
Robert Hyndman	.20
J. C. Tinkiss	1.00
	$8.30
	$611.36
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:—	
To Can. Presby. Mission	$97.05
To Christian Alliance Mission	82.76
To American Board of Missions	19.75
To Methodist Epis. Missions	7.50
To South. India Famine Fund	25.80
	232.86
	$378.50

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat—

Previously acknowledged	$2,075.07
J. H. Fraser	5.00
David C. Smith	.50
H. H. K.	5.00
Part of undesignated amounts	82.76
	$2,168.93

The followng is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of June 12:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—

Previously acknowledged	$378.50
M. A. McKenzie	1.00
Collected by Jennie Affleck and Nettie Campbell, Wood Bay	26.00
Mrs. Thomas Beggs	1.00
A. Oliver	4.00
J. Fletcher	1.00
Princeton Presbyterian Church Sunday school	2.50
Inasmuch	3.00
Mrs. John McDonald	1.00
Mrs Wm. Geddes	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Mullin	2.00
Mrs. A. Sinclair	1.00
Union Sabbath school of S.S. No. 4, Ryerson	.50
Mr. Everett	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Everett	1.00
E. Southmayed	1.00
A Friend, Picton	.10
Friend, B.C.	2.00
Cash Beaver	20.00
Children's Self-Denial Society, Owen Sound	1.00
W. J. Robertson	2.00
Lizzie Whalen	.05
M. McIlroy	2.00
Glen Tarken	1.00
John Brace	1.00
Union Endeavor Society, North Harwich	4.15
Mrs. Minnie Reid	2.50
Mrs. J. T. Hutchinson	1.50
S. Carsley	100.00
J. A. McGerrigle	10.00
Collected by pupils of S.S., No 2, and 30, Augusta and Elizabethtown	2.25
Anonymous, Leduc, Alta.	1.00
Collection Marney Union Sunday-School	6.70
E.B.	1.00
Young Peoples' Society of North Augusta	5.00
A Friend, Cromarty	2.00
Some friends of Brucefield, Ont., per George Forrest	11.00
Collection S.O.T.	4.40
Charles Godfrey	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Clark, sr.	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Clark, jr.	1.00
Miss Marion Clark	1.00
Mr. George Clark	.50
W. E. Edwards	.50
	9.40
Mrs James Black	2.00
A Friend, Ontario	2.00
A Friend, Pearceton	3.00
Collected from friends and children, Little Red Deer, by G. A. Sinclair.	4.00
Mrs. D. Campbell	1.00
Miss McGregor	.50
Miss Paterson	.25
Mr. and Mrs. Paterson	1.00
William Paterson	.25
Thomas Paterson	.25
Maggie Paterson	.25
Robert Paterson	.30
James Paterson	1.00
Mrs. McAlpine	.30
Miss McAlpine	.25
Miss M. McAlpine	.25
Maggie McAlpine	.10
Eddie McAlpine	.10
Alice McAlpine	.10
Teacher	1.10
	6.00
	$529.15
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:	
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$153.30
To Christian Alliance Mission	132.42
To American Board of Missions	38.90
To Methodist Episcopal Mission	12.65
To Southern Indian Famine Fund	41.23
	378.50
	$250.65

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.

Previously acknowledged	$2,168.93
A. G. Fisher	5.00
Gertie Vasey	.25
Carrie McKeown	1.00
Bella Simpson	.10
Eva Gallon	.15
Alice Cathcart	.10
A Friend, per H. A. Griffin	1.00
Collected by Chemical Road Union Sunday school	2.20
Town of Norton, per J. E. McCready	50.00
Collection Milford Bay Union Sunday school	2.60
Children of Moira School	1.80
Lorne Cunningham	1.00
S.J.A.	5.00
Part of undesignated amounts	132.42
Total	$2,371.25

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

June 24, Sun.—Rejoice before the Lord thy God.

June 25, Mon.—Thou shalt surely rejoice.

June 26, Tues.—Every man shall give as he is able.

June 27, Wed.—That which is altogether just shalt thou follow.

June 28, Thur.—Thou shalt put the evil away from among you.

June 29, The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet.

June 30, Sat.—Be not afraid.

BOYS AND GIRLS

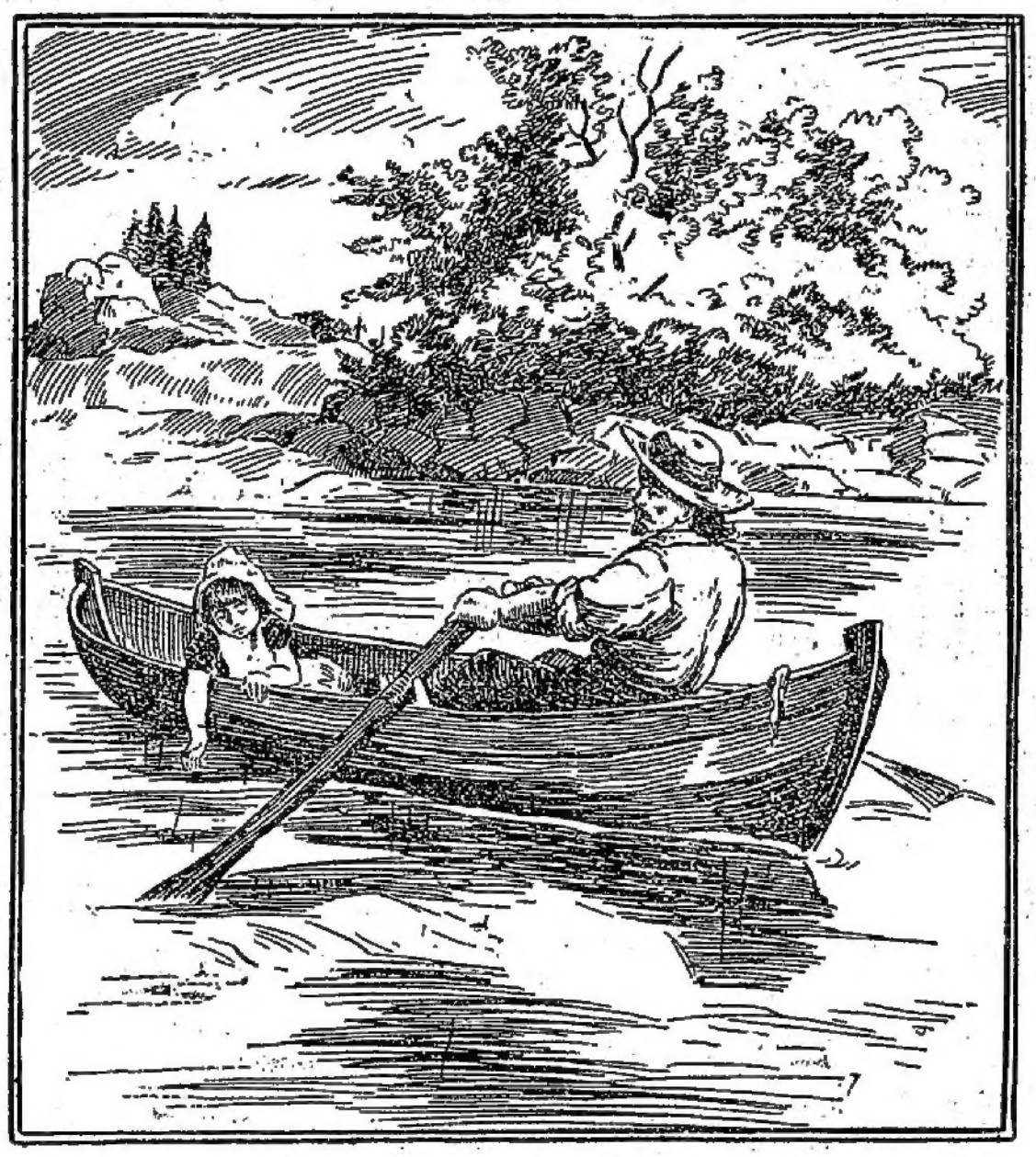
The Farm at Elmer's End.

(J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Harry Bates was a settler in the far west of America. He had left England when little more than a boy, full of dreams of frontier life that had charmed his imagination. He had met with adventures, certainly—plenty of them; and yet on the whole he had found life on the frontiers of civilization dull and tame. His farm was out of the way, and sometimes for days and weeks he would see no one but the men he employed.

At last he heard from his sister. She had been but a little child when he left home, whom he petted and played with. Now she was a woman; her husband was dead, and she had a little girl to work for. At once he sent for her to come over.

He had prospered, and had a good farm, and thought not only that her coming would be a provision for herself, but would bring a new comfort into his own life.



NAN WAS DELIGHTED TO GO WITH HER UNCLE IN HIS BOAT.

As soon as he heard she was on her way he set to work to enlarge the house, for it was little more than the shanty he had found it when he came, and he went over to the neighboring township for furniture, and hoped he had made a suitable home for her.

Often he wondered while he was waiting for her whether he had done wisely in asking her to come over—whether a woman brought up in London would settle down in that far-away farm and be happy. But Bessie Cooper was a bright sensible woman and she remembered this big brother of hers, who as a little child had made much of her, and she loved him. She was coming over purposing to make him a happy home life.

So when she got into the house she at once pleased him by saying how nice it looked, and declaring that nothing could be better or more comfortable.

But Nan—little Nan, her four-year-old child—took his heart by storm. 'She's just her mother over again,' he said to himself, and he soon began to play with her as in the olden days he had done with her mother, and he was surprised to find himself making errands into the house just to see her. He would take her out with him at times, and at others gallop away on horseback with her in front of him. But that which Nan delighted in most of all was to go with her uncle in his boat.

The farm was on a little river which rose among the distant hills. Just above the farm were the rapids, down which the stream came pouring, forming quite a cascade. She loved the gentle steady motion of the boat as Uncle Harry rowed it along, sometimes letting her hand dip into the water, at others chattering away in her simple loving child's talk.

But Mrs. Cooper was greatly dismayed when she learned there was no place of worship nearer than twenty miles off. 'But what do you do on Sundays?' she asked her brother.

'I'm afraid we do without,' he answered.

She did not say much, but she was troubled, and he saw it. 'I'm afraid we cannot help it to-morrow, Bess, but next week I'll see what I can do.'

Mrs. Cooper was a good woman. She loved her Saviour sincerely, and that night in her anxiety prayed very earnestly. She wanted to find out what was her duty. 'Twenty miles off' was a distance she saw no chance of bridging over. So the next morning, which was Sunday, when her brother had gone out, she called Nan and told her 'that, as there was no church for them to go to, they must have a little service by themselves.' And the mother and child sang some hymns together, and prayed, and read a chapter, and finished up with a little pleasant talk over it.

'Uncle Harry,' said Nan, as they sat at dinner, 'why did you not come to our little service this morning?'

'Didn't know anything about it,' was the answer. 'Where did you have it?'

'Oh! here,' was the prompt reply, 'and mother was the preacher.'

'Then I should have liked to be here,' said Uncle Harry, smiling; 'we'd better have it again to-night.'

And Nan clapped her hands at the thought of it.

'But, Harry,' said Mrs. Cooper, her face crimson at being found out; 'it was only a little singing and talk between Nan and I.'

'Well, I should like to hear some of the old hymns again. I have not heard them since I came here.'

'Then you will read if we sing,' she said.

'No, you do it all,' he said, 'and we'll call in the two men to join for we are all little better than heathen here.'

She shrank away from this more than she could tell, but dared not refuse. She thought of the church 'twenty miles off,' and her brother and his men forgetting all about Christ, but it cost her a great effort.

In the evening, when the men came in, they began with a well-known hymn. At first her voice and Nan's alone were singing, but presently her brother joined, and then the two men. She read the beautiful passage about the Good Shepherd laying down His life for the sheep, and then they all knelt down. At first she felt as if she could not pray, and there was quite a pause, and then at last she found courage and began, and poured out a very tender little prayer.

That was all. It seemed a very great thing to do beforehand. But when it was over she was glad she had done it; and on the following Sunday night it was done again, only they had more singing.

But it soon began to be talked about, and before the next week was out a farmer's wife, who lived about a mile off, called to see her. After a while she told her she had heard of this service, and said, 'I am so glad you are starting right. Do you know before I came here, Mrs. Cooper, I was a religious woman, and when we came to this place I was very troubled, but did nothing; and do you know I'm afraid I've lost my religion altogether. Oh! if I had only done as you've done!'

Mrs. Cooper could say nothing; it was so little she had done.

'And now I want you to let me bring my husband and two girls next Sunday night and join with you,' said Mrs. Terry.

'Oh; I couldn't possibly,' said Mrs. Cooper.

'What! not for Christ's sake?'

She paused. Yes, for Christ's sake she could, and, though she shrank from it, she would for Christ's sake.

And that was the beginning of the new church at Elmer's End. One after another begged to come, until the room was too small and they had to meet in a barn. She never did more than read God's Word and pray, and lead them in the singing, but many a soul in that wild frontier was led to seek the Lord Jesus Christ.

And when Bessie died, which was not long after, the people joined together and built a new church, and had a minister, but many of them felt the sweetest services were those she had conducted.

'I think it was your mother's brave faithfulness, Nan,' said her Uncle Harry, 'that first led me to Jesus Christ. Nothing so much as that.'

Miss Randall's Sunday-School.

(By Elizabeth Ferguson Seat.)

Miss Randall closed the school-house door and paused for a moment to gaze upon the scene spread before her admiring eyes. The level acres of Dilsey's prairie sloped gently away toward the sunset and, on its outermost edge, at this moment, heaps of cumulous cloud were apparently rolling from the sky down upon the round green earth. The prairie was a sort of oasis in the pine woods, affording in its seven by five miles sustenance for an entire neighborhood and for hundreds of cattle.

She could count off, towards the north and east, a half dozen houses, all built upon the same plan—two low, weather-boarded rooms, with a mud chimney at the end and an open passage between. But it was the houses and not the landscape that most charmed Miss Randall, because within them lived her pupils. Perhaps it was owing to her ten years in the schoolroom, or it might have been to some peculiar leanings of her very nature, but Miss Randall counted boys and girls as the most important furniture of the earth, and lost no opportunity of securing them for her various undertakings.

The Dilsey Prairie school had come to her as a surprising stroke of good fortune when, being ordered to rest, she was seeking work that would not be exacting, and which would, nevertheless, keep something in the slender purse.

The children were as untrained as the animals that roamed the prairie, and as untaught and as free from care. The little public school was continued for four months each year, from September to January when, the funds being exhausted, the children were set free until the treasury of the county had opportunity to refill.

She had been at her post a week; had made out her record book, organized her classes, learned the names of her twenty scholars, and their ages, which varied from six to eighteen years. But what had impressed her most was the one churchless Sunday that she had spent at the dreary farm-house where she had taken a room. There was no church in Dilsey, and of course no Sunday-school.

'My heart ached, fairly ached all day yesterday for a hymn book, a dozen quarterlies and a circle of chairs with children in them,' she had told herself as she pinned on her hat and took up her register that morning. 'I never tried to be a Sunday-school superintendent and a teacher and a precentor all at the same time, but I wonder now if it couldn't be done?'

As she walked along the path bordered by waving grass, and looked out over the wind-swept pastures, she kept saying, 'Could I do it? I'm a little afraid! My voice always did break on high notes, and die completely out when it got down to audible prayers. Still if it had to be done—I might—'

All day long, from speller and primer to geography and arithmetic, she had worked steadily, yet every time she passed the wide open door and glanced toward the breezy plains, she caught herself muttering 'Four months and cometh harvest! The fields are white—'

At night over her Bible, and again on her knees beside her bed, she prayed and dreamed and hesitated, shrinking from possible failure, yet recoiling in dread from another Sabbath of folded hands, with glimpses of her boys, guns in hand, hard upon the track of a deer or rabbit.

'Children,' began Miss Randall, on Friday afternoon just before dismissal, 'before you go, I would like to ask you to come back again on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, just to see me for a while.'

The sunburned faces, the keen eyes, the eager bodies drooped. Was the bondage of school to be extended to Sunday?

'Any sort of a school?' demanded the smallest boy from his stool in the corner; 'cause, if 'tis, I ain't a comin'!'

Miss Randall turned to him with a note of appeal in her voice: 'Yes, a sort of school, but it's a Sunday one, Jim, and won't keep but an hour. I'll have some pictures, and I expect there'll be singing. You can all wear your best clothes, and bring your little brothers and sisters too.'

But the faces showed no signs of relenting, and Jim, with folded arms, was staring meaningly at the clock. The teacher gazed at the children for a moment in wistful silence. 'Oh, children, I forgot. Don't bring any books, not a single one, mind you, nor a pencil, nor a slate, nor any lunch, for you will get home in time for dinner.'

The faces brightened. 'Oh, I reckon we might as well come, Miss Randall,' said one of the older girls presently. 'We'll come once, anyhow, to see how we like it.' With this, the formula of dismissal was pronounced, and in ten minutes not a child was to be seen about the school-house.

It was just a quarter to ten on Sunday morning when the teacher with two Bibles, three old hymn books, and a bundle of old Sunday-school papers together with three dozen cards with texts, appeared at the school-house door.

The room was filled with the citizens, old and young, of Dilsey Prairie. The children had brought their parents, and one or two their grandparents. They were dressed in their accustomed clothes, and evidently knew nothing of Sunday customs.

Miss Randall missed the pleased expectation, the Sabbath repose, the hush of the day of peace. But gravely pushing aside disappointment, she spoke a few, quick words of welcome, and moving about among the children asked to be introduced to their friends. She was, with painful eagerness, looking for helpers of any kind among the company, but in vain.

So, presently, standing in their midst, she opened her book, and sang, 'There is sunshine in my soul to-day,' straight through, though she broke regularly on the high notes, and quavered on the low ones. Then she knelt down, although she knew there wasn't another head bowed in all the company, and prayed. Strange to say, her prayers had never seemed to rise so quickly before. They soared out of that homely room, beyond the sunny prairie, even to the stars, as she told the Lord why she and those people were in His presence, and asked His help. The children and their parents, as they watched and listened, began to understand dimly what it meant, and as she arose from her knees she perceived a change in their attitude; they seemed nearer, friendlier.

She felt sure of her ground now, and opening her Bible, she read to them. Miss Randall could read, if she couldn't sing, and she determined that those people should hear the gospel for once in their lives. She read, with all the dramatic fervor and pathos of which she was capable, the account of the events in the last days of our Lord, and of His crucifixion.

Taking her crayon, she turned to the blackboard and made rapidly and skillfully a sketch of hills and trees, a stream, and a parted sky, telling as she worked the story of John's preaching and his baptism. Turning to her class of mingled parents and children she said cheerfully 'I hope you'll ask any questions you like, as we go on. I'll try to answer.' The oldest grandfather, back by the window, promptly demanded information about the locusts that she had said John ate. The question helped her so much that she thanked him for asking it; other timid questions followed and then she taught the scholars old and young to sing the first stanza of 'Happy Day.'

Choosing two assistants from the hitherto silent mothers, she distributed the text cards. For a benediction she ventured to ask that every one recite in concert the Lord's Prayer, but only two knew it. As they were dismissed she stood beside the door, and asked each one to come back the next Sabbath.

It was only twenty minutes past eleven when Miss Randall started home, with a feeling of regret that she couldn't stay to church. The prairie had never seemed so lovely; the sky had never before so closely approached the world. 'What beautiful Sundays they have out here on the edge of the world,' murmured the little teacher as she gazed dreamily about, 'and how glad I am that I tried to do the thing that was laid upon me! I wouldn't have missed it for anything!'—'Baptist Teacher.'

Few Do It.

There is still existing a manuscript letter written by Sir Thomes More to his wife, Alyce, when the news came to him that his great mansion at Chelsea, with its offices and huge granaries, had been almost destroyed by fire.

Instead of lamenting over his loss, he bids her first 'find out if any poor neighbors had stored their corn in the granaries,' and, if so, to recompense them. Secondly, to discharge no servant until he have another abiding-place; and lastly, to 'be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thank God for what Hee hath given us, and what Hee hath left us.'

He urges her, 'I pray you, Alyce, with my children, to be merry in God.'

Most of us, if we had lost property and home in a night, would think we did well if we were patient under God's will; but to be cheerful and even 'merry' in him, is an almost forgotten grace.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in a prayer written for his family on the night before his death, asked that when the day returned it should find them strong to endure if it brought sorrow, and eager to be happy if happiness were their portion.

'Why,' asked a Hindu sage, 'why are the Christians melancholy men? If I believed as they say, that the great God was my Father and that His Son was my Elder Brother, I should not groan though I lost a few bushels of wheat, or even an eye. I should be of all men most happy and gay. They do not believe what they say.'

David, whose life was full of struggles and griefs and sins, taught the world its hymns, full of a mighty, joyous thanksgiving.

Paul in prison, knowing that death in its most painful shape might be near, could exhort his friends not only to be patient, but to 'rejoice in the Lord alway. And again I say,' he adds, urgently, 'Rejoice.'

Most men will laugh when they are well-fed and their lives are comfortable, but it is a different thing to sing in prison, or when one's home is burning to find time to be kind to the poor and 'merry in God' like old Sir Thomas More.—'Youth's Companion.'

Whitewashing for God.

One righteous man lived in Ortonville. There may have been more. But of this one we are certain. At first sight you would perhaps be surprised when he was pointed out to you as 'the best man in town.' But the town was small, and really, when you knew him, you would say, 'Ah, well, even if he is the best, there is plenty of room left for the others to measure up.' For Miles Cornish was a giant—every way. It is of his spiritual size we write.

Here, then is his portrait—the portrait of the outer man: tall, thin, sprightly; light hair, blue eyes, teeth to make a dentist smile—or frown; firm, pleasant lips, voice so merry you smiled, however commonplace his words.

As for his spiritual portrait, it has never been taken—on earth. Snapshots, it has been true, have been taken. You cannot get a good picture of a giant with a small, crooked camera. Human cameras are very small and imperfect. But here is a snapshot:

Dressed in white overalls, splashed from head to foot with calcimine, singing as he went, Miles swung down the village street. He had been standing all day, his whitewash brush jollily flap-flopping on walls and ceilings. He was tired, for he had worked through his noon hour and past the 'quitting time.' No one had asked him to do this. But he had heard that a man with a sick wife was to move into the house where he was at work, that the small hotel was comfortless, and the sick woman in need of the quiet of her own room. Ordinarily, the work would have been a day and a half. Miles's employer was in no hurry, but the workman worked from five in the morning to eight at night, finished the job, stopped at the hotel to tell the sick woman's husband that the house was ready for them, and to ask, since he—Miles—was in one sense a neighbor, if he could help them in any way. The pay for the extra time of the day's work, the whitewasher dropped into the hand of an old man who was shuffling along the road.

'What, Miles? No, no, boy. You work hard for your money. See, I have a little left from what you gave me before.'

'That's all right, grandfather. That's some extra money. That'll do to go on account of the days when you worked all day and I was too little to do more than eat the food that cost so dear. We must even things up in this world.'

Miles hurried on.

'Bless the lad,' muttered the old man. 'He's queer, but he's got the soul of a white angel. Anybody'd think I was really his granddad. Now who ever heard of a young man evenin' things up that way? Most young fellows think the world owes them a livin'. Bless the lad! If I get to Heaven it'll be because he made the way light for me, and—if they'll let me—I'll speak a good word for him. But maybe—maybe they know him better'n I do. Bless the lad!'

'The lad,' already forgetting what he had done, was hurrying on. His was the kind of haste that has no selfishness about it. It is the haste born of freedom from care, light-heartedness and readiness for the next thing—rest or work or prayer.

At the door of a cottage a girl of fifteen was standing. She had been crying. At the sight of Miles walking towards her, her face brightened. She did not know him very well. She only knew that he was 'a good man.' To have a good man pass near is enough to make any woman's face brighter.

'Good evening, Miss Jennie. How is the mother getting on?' Miles's sharp eyes had seen the tear-flush on the girl's face, and he stopped.

'She is coming home from the hospital in the morning.'

'Oh, that is good! Home is a good place.'

The girl's lips trembled. 'This isn't a good place for mother.'

'Why, child?' She was indeed a child before this man, who stood six feet two in his stockings.

'It's so dingy and dirty. How can I clean it, when I work all day? If father finds me cleaning at night, he beats me. I don't know why.'

Miles Cornish stood still. He was thinking. These were the words that were passing through his mind: '"A cup of cold water." That means to give people what they need. This little sister needs the help of a strong man. Miles Cornish, here's your chance.'

The girl was looking at him curiously. Many people looked at him that way. It was because they seldom saw a face that shone with unselfish devotion and pure delight in doing good.

'Jennie, run in and make me a cup of coffee. Have you bread in the house? Very well. In twenty minutes I will be back with some fresh whitewash. Then I want a bit of supper. By morning your house will be clean—walls and ceilings. What say you?'

'Oh, Mr. Miles! But you are tired.'

'Tired? Me? Bless you, there is all eternity to get rested in. If your father comes in tell him big Miles is coming to see him.'

All her care turned to gladness; the girl hurried in. In twenty minutes Miles was back. In five minutes more he had swallowed his hot coffee and was putting up his ladder and boards. In still five minutes more his brush was going flip, flap, while Jennie watched and blessed him with the thanks of a good, tired little heart.

The poor, drunken father staggered home and fell prone across the floor in a whiskey sleep. Miles picked him up, carried him out to the woodshed, covered him with some old horse blankets, and left him there.

The cottage was very small, and Miles's big brush did rapid work. The smoke, the grease-spots, the fly-specks, were disappearing as if by magic. When the last flap of the brush had been given, Miles looked around. Jennie was scrubbing in another room.

'Poor little fly!' said the big man. 'Factory all day, a sick mother, a father who cannot behave himself. I wonder what God gave me these big hands for?—Miss Jennie! Give me that brush. Did you ever see a man scrub? Child, how white you are; Tell you what you'll do: You just scamper home to my mother, and let me stay here to-night. Come now, hurry along. Mother is lonely, and so are you. Let her tuck you away. I'll keep house till morning.'

Every one obeyed Miles. Jennie was too tired to scamper, but she made all haste, leaving the cottage to the care of the giant.

What was it the angels saw, looking down that night for some new record to write in the great book of Heaven?

They saw a man in white overalls down on his knees, scrubbing, rubbing, cleaning. They saw a man who had been up since four polishing little panes of glass by the light of a kerosene lamp. They saw a giant sweeping, brushing, dusting, polishing. At daybreak they saw a man kneeling in a woodshed, beside a sleeping drunkard, praying in whispers, as children pray. They saw a soul, so white that all Heaven rang with a song of joy.

An hour later, just in time for his simple breakfast, Miles Cornish entered his own humble home. His mother, white-haired, with a face written over with the peace of God, met him at the door.

'Well, my son, and what have you been doing?'

He kissed her reverently.

'Mother, I have been whitewashing for God.'—Ada Shaw, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

A Guild of Courtesy.

A new society for children has recently been formed in England, having the significant and attractive name of the 'Children's Guild of Courtesy.' The rules of the guild are required to be read by its members at least once every week. Here are some of the rules: At school: Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly. At play: Do not cheat at games. Do not bully. Do not jeer at or call your schoolmates names which they do not like. In the street: Do not push or run against people. Do not chalk on doors, walls or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not throw orange peel or make slides on the pavement. Do not make fun of old or crippled people. Be particularly courteous to foreigners and strangers. Everywhere: Remember to say 'please' and 'thank you!' Always show care, pity and consideration for animals and birds, and do not stand quietly by when others wilfully ill-use them. There would surely seem to be room and a reason for being for such a society, not only in Great Britain, but in America, where the spirit of reverence and courtesy among young people is said to be on the decline. And for that matter, the scope of the guild might be extended to include some of the 'grown-ups,' with whom courtesy and kindness in speech and manner are in sore need of cultivation. Every home ought to be a guild of courtesy, and every member of the family, old and young, a regular member of it.—'Christian at Work.'

Before it is Too Late.

If you've a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
To-morrow is a mystery,
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—Ida Goldsmith Morris, in 'Atlantic Constitution.'

A Successful Gathering.

(By Madge Oliver.)

At Rectory-road Sunday-school the closing hymn was always sung punctually at five minutes to four; by a quarter past the room was generally empty, save for the superintendent and the secretaries.

Miss Meldrum's class was noted for a tendency to linger to the last. The girls knew each other, and liked to talk things over. Best of all, they enjoyed a chat with their teacher, and confidences were often imparted as she said good-by to each in turn.

But one Sunday afternoon almost every girl shook hands in solemn silence, one, however, going back to the custom of kissing, prohibited in public since the girls had gone into long dresses and put up their hair. As she did it she made no remark, but the next one expressed the general opinion by saying, when it came to her turn, 'It's too bad, Mss Meldrum, because you know we'll have to do it.'

Her teacher only laughed and said: 'Of course you will. I should be very disappointed in you if you did not.'

As she went home, and whilst she rested in an easy-chair beside the writing-table in her room, Miss Meldrum wondered how many would attend her class next Sunday. She opened her register, and looked down the list of names. There were fifteen in regular attendance, and two 'black sheep' who came occasionally when there was something specially attractive, or when they had a new dress which deserved display. She closed the book, saying, with a sigh:

'Well, at any rate, I am right,' and went down to tea with the consciousness of duty performed.

The following Sunday Miss Meldrum's class contained two girls; on the next there were five, because the two irregulars were there; then it went down to two again, and the superintendent thought it time to make inquiries.

'I hope there is not an epidemic among your girls, Miss Meldrum,' he said, after school. 'I have not heard of any illness about.'

'Well, no,' was the reply, accompanied by a half-amused and half-dubious look, 'unless it be a moral one. My girls have pleased me more during the last fortnight than they have done for years.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Bertram, gravely, 'but where are they? I never saw you so deserted.'

'No, and it is permanent, too,' was the reply. 'They are not coming back again—at least, I hope not.'

'But why?—I don't understand,' and Mr. Bertram sat down to hear all about it, regardless of the chapel-keeper hovering in the background.

'Well, you see,' said Miss Meldrum, 'I have been giving a course of lessons which included the description of the sending out of the disciples to work for their Master.

'You know, Mr. Bertram, all my girls are over nineteen now, most of them are well-educated, and have attended school for years. I suggested it was time they should be at work, and although some of them told me I was horrid, they have nearly all taken the hint, and are spending Sunday afternoon in some other way. I see them still on Friday evenings, and their new experiences are very interesting.'

'And what are they doing?' asked Mr. Bertram.

'Three have taken classes at the mission—you know how many teachers are needed there; two have become helpers at the P. S. A.; five have formed themselves into a band for visiting the Home for the Blind and the infirmary; two have found out that they ought to be making Sunday more restful for their mothers; one who is studying very hard, and takes a morning class here has promised me to give the time to rest and thought, whilst two remain with me because they cannot find 'a sphere' at present.

The superintendent pulled his moustache thoughtfully: 'I ought to be very glad—I am very glad, but I do not like the look of this empty corner and I have no new girls to give you.'

'No,' said Miss Meldrum, 'I know, but I daresay I shall find some work to do somewhere, when I am quite deserted.'

Going home, rather disconsolately, she heard a shout from the other side of the road.

'Hallo, teacher! How are you?'

The greeting came from two factory girls—gorgeously arrayed—who had heard her give an address at their club a few weeks before and liked the look of her. She crossed over and spoke to them; they examined her appearance with interest, and were particularly struck with the binding of her teacher's Bible.

'I say, what's it like at Sunday-school?' said one. 'I haven't been there since I were an infant. Say, teacher, will you have us in your class? We'll come, honor bright, won't we, Liz, if you'll let us sit one each side of you.'

'Very well,' said Miss Meldrum, 'come next Sunday and see how you like it. Will you call for me?'

'Delighted, I'm sure,' said Liz.; and thus the bargain was struck, and a new element introduced into Rectory Road School.

About a year later some special services were held there, conducted by a gentleman who had visited the school before. At the close of his first Sunday afternoon address, he went about the room renewing his acquaintance with teachers and scholars. When he came to Miss Meldrum's class he was surprised to find that it now consisted of about thirty working girls. He listened sympathetically to a humorous description of early struggles for order and attention, and heard how success had been secured by always meeting in a class-room for closing when the girls had been specially decorous all the afternoon. The few bright words revealed a year of hard and steady work, but before the mission was concluded it became evident that it was fruitful in the highest and the best results.—London 'S.S. Times.'

From Darkness to Light.

(By Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, in 'Episcopal Recorder.')

She was in the habit of distributing tracts, this dear young Christian worker, but never did these little messengers of grace accomplish their purpose so quickly or effectively before as the ones she handed out that special afternoon to a dear girl who was engaged in business down town. She received the small package graciously, but folding it up, placed it in her pocket with hardly a thought of perusing them at all. Upon going home and remembering the circumstances, she casually glanced through one tract after another, but not being especially interested, placed them back where she had taken them from, thinking possibly they might afford some little diversion to her much loved friend, Nellie —— (who for months had been confined to a bed of suffering), and not having anything special to bring to her that evening, she decided to give them all to her.

The following evening, calling to see how she was, and finding her in a great state of excitement, upon inquiring into the cause, was informed it was all on account of the tracts she brought the night before. 'Oh, Nellie,' she said, 'I wish I had never, never brought the horrid things to you, if they made you feel so badly.' 'Oh, no, May,' her friend replied, 'I am so glad you did, only I think it all quite strange, so very strange; I wonder if I too could find such a God as that, and if he would be as real to me as he was to the ones that those little leaflets tell about—would you mind, dear, just reading them over once out loud to me?'

Not knowing what further to say she consented, though could not somehow feel very much concerned over what she read, but looking up suddenly she was surprised to see the tears running down Nellie's cheeks, and also to witness the apparent struggle that seemed to be taking place in her heart, as with both hands folded tightly together she seemed to be more exercised than ever over her condition, when at last a look of determination crossed her face, and she said she was going to ask God to help her to know him.

The next evening, upon calling there, there was a decided change of expression, one of intense joy and quiet, depicted upon her countenance, something entirely different than ever seen there before, causing May to exclaim, with great amazement, her surprise, while asking the reason of it.; She simply and frankly said, 'It is God, May, and he has become so real to me now, and I feel that the blood of Jesus has washed away my sins.'

These were strange words, yes, hard to be understood, indeed, by May, her friend, coming from the lips of Nellie, who had been brought up as an infidel; in fact, neither of these young girls had ever known what it was to offer a prayer to God in their lives, and both had been instructed from infancy to repudiate the thought of such an existence at all.

Upon entering the sick room a few days later, May again was filled more than ever with astonishment at Nellie actually asking her to kindly consent to attend some church, in order to listen to what the minister might say about God, then to come and tell her, for she said, 'I do want to be able to understand him a little better.' May quickly replied, 'Oh, Nellie, I never went into a church in my life—how would I look, an infidel, going to a church, when I do not even believe in their worship?'

But, noticing an expression of almost pain flit across the dear sufferer's face, before she could say anything, added, 'If it would give you any pleasure, Nellie, of course I am willing to go if you want me to, for your sake, but it would be only for your sake, and nothing else.'

Accordingly, for the next few weeks, that young infidel girl could have been seen regularly seated in a little church, not far distant from her own house, every Sabbath, listening most attentively to all that was said, taking as close notes as possible, and then returning to the bedside of her much loved friend, and as best she knew how, preach (as it were) the sermon over to her. But there came a time when this did not even satisfy, and May was more than ever taken aback by Nellie's begging her to buy a Bible, so she might read for herself more about God, and get truly acquainted with Jesus.

At first, she positively refused, saying, 'Why, Nellie, I never looked at a Bible in my life; how would it be for me to go and purchase one?' But, as before, noticing the effect of her words, she promised, if she would be affording her any real pleasure, she

certainly would buy one for her, and accordingly did a few days afterwards. It was received with joy, and read most eagerly (when sufficiently strong to do so), and became indeed food to a hungry heart. About this time her strength began failing rapidly, and soon becoming unable to read as much as she desired, she requested May, upon one of her nightly visits, to promise that she would come over twice a week, and read this precious book out loud to her for at least one hour at a time, which she consented to do (but only out of love to her friend), and although the reading of it did not seem to open her eyes to the truth as it is in Jesus, as in Nellie's case, she felt repaid in witnessing the great enjoyment and help it gave to her to whom she was so attached, that she gladly acquiesced over and over again to her propositions to even lengthen those readings. Many times was she interrupted by Nellie endeavoring, as God poured light, in answer to prayer, upon his own messages of love, to explain to her friend what this or that verse seemed to convey to her mind.

One evening, after listening a while to the Word, her face was especially lit up with holy joy as she exclaimed, 'O May, I just love to lie here alone and think of all the beautiful thoughts Christ gave to every one around him, and when I read to-day, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you," Heb. v., 7, it has brought me such rest and peace, and also that verse, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," etc., Rom. v., 1. How true it is! Then there are those words, "Not I, but Christ!" O! how beautiful! It makes me feel I can and must take him into everything. He becomes so real this way,' etc.

Thus, day by day, she became more and more Spirit-taught. It was simply a glorious example of what God was capable of accomplishing; yes, to even May this was perceptible, though up to this time she scarcely allowed herself to acknowledge his existence. But she admitted repeatedly that whatever the power was it was remarkable, being more and more developed, as time passed by, in that life which, from earliest infancy, like her own, had been trained in infidelity.

As they talked and read together in that sick room, surely it must have been a pathetic picture in the sight of him of whom they thus communed about. Those two dear girls, reared in worse than even the superstition of heathenism, groping through the darkness towards the 'Light of Life.' And then, by that young invalid, through simply taking the unknown One at his word, and yielding her heart to him, liberated from skepticism and used by him to instruct her friend—how it must have caused rejoicing above!

When it was discovered a Bible had entered that home the family almost felt insulted, and became bitterly opposed at once to the continuation of those readings, and Nellie at times was obliged to secrete it under her pillow for fear it might be taken away. Although she loved her people dearly, and recognized all they were doing for her comfort, she had begun to love God most of all, and so felt justified in doing as she did. Every member of the household were also obliged to admit (and that quite often) that something had made a most marvellous change, whatever that something might be, in the life of the invalid, for even the very expression of her face had altered in a most noticeable way, and she had become so very patient, in the midst of great suffering, and so loving and gentle.

Arrangements were finally made, at the doctor's suggestion, to try a Southern trip for her. Before leaving she wrote me a letter, part of which possibly would be well to copy for the encouragement of tract-distributors and tract-writers:

'Dear Mrs. W.—Pardon the liberty of a stranger, taken in writing to you, but as your booklets have been the means of my conversion, in fact, almost the only help I have had in my Christian life—my family being infidels, and the subject of religion, which has become so near and dear to me, is a most painful one to them, though they are doing everything for my comfort, but I have been obliged to keep more or less silent, and read the Bible in secret, which a friend gave me—a true, devoted and faithful girl, but not a Christian—she also is an infidel. She has experienced so much sorrow in life, losing several members of her family, she cannot seem to believe in God or that he is a God of love. She is attending church to hear the sermons for me, as I am an invalid, and as I listen to the sweet messages she brings me, my heart saddens at the thought that dear May cannot feel that Christ is a God of love and justice. It is for her sake that I take this liberty, as I go away to —— for my health, and may never return, but I am ready to meet my Saviour. Oh, will you not, please, take an interest in May; point out to her the sad mistake of this bitterness that fills her heart; help her, if you can, to find Christ. I have so desired to see her saved, she is such a sweet girl, and one who appreciates every deed of kindness extended to her. I had hoped I could have had the privilege of meeting you, as I cannot express my gratitude towards you in helping me to see and know the need of a Saviour—pray for me that my life may be a witness to those around me, and to be loyal to him. There is joy and rest and peace in following Jesus Christ. I have prayed and thought of sending this letter for several days, and have asked guidance and help. I have not said a word to my friend about it, but if you feel led to help her I am almost sure her heart would respond to your attention and interest, for this separation will mean much to us both, May and I; and I want to meet her in eternity again. I thank you for writing those precious booklets, especially "Out of the Depths" and "At the Gateway." When I arrive at my destination I will send you my address, and be glad to hear from you.

'Yours, very lovingly and tenderly,

'NELLIE ——.'

Upon the receipt of this note I immediately wrote to her friend, not only inviting her to call, but urging her in a few kind words to let God so come into her poor tried heart as to be comforted of him, etc.

Three or four evenings later she was seated by my side in my own home, and we had many exchanges of thought. She was truly in a most trying position, but admitted that she had been repeatedly impressed by the great patience of Nellie's life since accepting God, and said, when they finally bade one another good-bye, there was something so unearthly about her, and she seemed to be so inspired, that somehow, though not wishing to accept the truth, she felt, while in her presence, more or less convicted that there was a God, and a real one too.

Quoting several passages of Scripture, and asking her to kneel down, so we might get closer to Nellie's God, she consented, but in so doing said, 'Don't you ask me to pray, don't urge me.' Only a few sentences had been uttered by my lips, when she began to sob with all her heart, and trembled from head to foot, seemingly in great distress, and little urging was necessary to get her to call upon the Lord, after answering her earnest questions, if I thought she really could be saved, and if the 'Whosoever' included her; upon being repeatedly assured it did, and that Christ was not only glad but willing to save her, before we arose I had the joy of hearing those lips for the very first time in her life utter the name of God in prayer. It was not a long prayer, but there was very much in it, simply these words, 'O God, I come to thee the best way I know how; take me as I am, for Jesus' sake.'

She left the house with a very different expression upon her face from when she entered it, and although many lessons may have to be yet learned by her as the days go by, I could not but feel sure that God, who heard that cry, will wonderfully answer and uphold her while he uses her for his glory.

Two or three days later she wrote me concerning Nellie's departure from this life. Her last words uttered on earth, with a face fairly triumphant and lit up with the joy of heaven, were, 'Thank God, he has answered my prayer,' then quietly and restfully committed herself anew into his keeping throughout eternity, triumphantly entering into his presence.

This undoubtedly is one of the most wonderful incidents of the use of a little messenger of grace in tract form that many of us have ever heard of, showing how willing and ready the blessed Lord is to receive all who come unto him with a heart anxious to believe his word, even though they may have been instructed to discountenance anything pertaining to his truths, as in this case of the one who is now present with her Lord, and also of the one who has yet the opportunity of a life service, possibly, among many—may she not be forgotten in the prayers of those who read this little incident, Isa. lv., 11.

Thou Shalt Call His Name 'Emmanuel.'

Emmanuel! Emmanuel!
In vain we seek to sound
The depths of love ineffable,
That in that name are found.

Oh! 'God with us,' we dare not try
To grasp the wondrous thought,
Why Thou shouldst live on earth and die
Despised and set at nought.

We only know Thou lovest men,
From all eternity;
Before Creation's morn began,
Before man hated Thee.

Ere yet on Eden's bowers fell
The blight of mortal sin,
Thou didst resolve on Death and Hell
The victory to win.

By the eternal love profound,
That no beginning knew,
That knows no measure, knows no bound,
Unfailing, perfect, true.

With trembling faith, we humbly pray,
That Thou wouldst now impart
Thy pardoning grace, that love display,
And bless each willing heart.

—N. P. Bateman, in 'English Paper.'

There is twice as much comfort for a true man in the old coat paid for as there is in the new coat owed for.

LITTLE FOLKS

Elsie's Birthday.

('Adviser.')

'Many happy returns of your birthday, my darling,' said Elsie's mother one bright autumn morning when her little daughter appeared in the breakfast-room.

'Thank you, mother dear, I'm having a lovely birthday so far. Just look at all these presents :—A book from Granny, all these flowers from Auntie Nan, this work-box from your own dear self, a big box of chocolates from father, and Fred, dear boy, has sent me half a crown to spend as I like. I never had so many presents before.'

'That is right, dearie, I'm so glad you are having a good time; and what are you going to do with yourself all day ?'

'Well, mother,' said Elsie, 'I think I shall go round to see poor Nelly first, and take her my book to look at. She does so like something fresh to read, and it must be dreadful to have to lie still in bed this lovely weather. And then don't you think it would be nice to call and see Granny and take her some of my flowers ? they are so fresh and sweet, and you know how fond she is of flowers.'

'Very well, dear, and what shall you do after that ?' inquired mother.

'Oh, then I want to go and see old Jennings, and see whether he would think half a crown was enough for his pony-carriage. It would be so delightful if he would let us have a drive this afternoon. Then we could call for that poor crippled boy Fred knows, and take him right into the country. I'm sure he would so enjoy it.'

'I'm afraid Jennings wouldn't think your half-crown enough payment for the drive, Elsie, but I will pay the rest,' said father, looking up for a moment from his morning paper. 'I am glad my little girl has so kind a thought for others who are less fortunate than herself.'

'Thank you, father,' cried Elsie, 'I've so wished that poor lad could have a peep at the country. You are good to me, daddy dear.'

Then away danced Elsie to take her new story-book to her dear friend Nelly, a poor invalid girl just recovering from a serious illness, and for weeks past confined to her bed. It was a happy sight to see Nelly's delighted face when Elsie showed her the beautiful book and offered to lend it to her to read. Elsie felt herself fully repaid when she saw Nelly's joy.

And Granny too was so pleased with the flowers, valuing them all the more when she knew they had been one of Elsie's birthday gifts. After Elsie had arranged them in Granny's favorite vase, played one of the old lady's much-loved melodies, and spent a few minutes in the kitchen chattering to Sarah the maid, she darted off to find old Jennings and try to come to terms with him about his pony-carriage. She found the old man in quite a good humor, and soon arranged matters satisfactorily as to the drive.

It was a happy Elsie indeed that danced into mother's room at dinner-time to give an account of her morning's doings.

Then after dinner came the drive with mother and the poor cripple. He could hardly believe that he was really to have a drive into the country, and could scarcely contain his joy when he saw the green fields, and woods, and waving corn, and felt the soft sweet breezes once again. Elsie made up her mind, and so did Elsie's mother, that it should not be very long before he should have another country drive.

Elsie was wearied before her birthday was ended, for she had a tiring evening. Her three small cousins came to see her, and the closing hours of her happy day were spent in games for their amusement, and finally in dividing with them the contents of the chocolate box.

Elsie was asleep almost before her head was on the pillow, and her dreams that night were beautiful and her sleep refreshing, for my little friend had learnt already that great and noble truth : 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Edith's Missionary Day.

'I am going to be a missionary.'

It was Edith's gentle voice that said that when there came a lull in the other voices. The children were all in grandma's room, having their go-to-bed talk. Grandma's white head gleamed among the little tousled, dark ones, and now and then grandma's low voice found a bit of a chink to creep into. Then it always said something worth while.

'A missionary, dearie ?' she said now, peering into Edith's sober little face.

'Yes'm truly honest, grandma; I decided that long ago, when I was little. I'm going to be a missionary like Aunt Faith. But it's such a long time to wait. I'm afraid all the heathen will be gone. How old must I be, grandma ?'

'To be a missionary ? Why, let me see—about eight years old, dearie, I should think.'

'Why—ee !'

All the children joined in the exclamation. All the little faces gazed at grandma in astonishment.

'Why, I'm eight now !'

'She's most quarter past,' added Ned correctly.

'Then, dearie, you can be a missionary now. You needn't wait any longer.'

Edith's mouth made up into another round 'O !' but straightened again into its ordinary lines, for she suddenly understood what grandma meant.

'Yes'm,' she murmured softly; 'but it's too late to-night, grandma, anyway.'

'Then begin to-morrow morning, dearie,' grandma said quietly; but she got Edith's little brown hand in hers a minute, and squeezed it encouragingly.

Hannah came then and took them all off to bed.

Edith, curled in her little bed beside Bunch o' Mischief, dreamed she was in far-away China, teaching little Chinese girls to read the Bible. They made a great deal of noise, and kept pounding her with their fists—or was it Bunch o' Mischief ? Why, yes !

Edith opened her eyes, and there was Bunch o' Mischief, trying to wake her up forcibly. It made Edith cross.

'You naughty naugh-ty baby !' she mumbled sleepily.

'Tell me a story ! tell me a story!' coaxed Bunch o' Mischief. 'Bout how the mulley cow jumped over the moo—oon. Begin it quick ! hurry !'

'No, I shan't eith—' but Edith stopped there. Would it be being a missionary to try and keep her eyes open, and tell the moon story? She was so sleepy, and the moon story was so silly; but—

'Well, once upon a time there was a brindle cow,' she began bravely, 'who—wh—oo—o.' She was drowsing off already, but Bunch o' Mischief's hard little fists brought her back to consciousness. Then she sat up in bed and told the moon story once, twice, three times patiently. After that, 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and the 'Jack and the Bean Stalk' story filled up all the time until the getting-up bell rang.

'I've begun; I think I have,' Edith whispered to grandma on the way down stairs to breakfast.

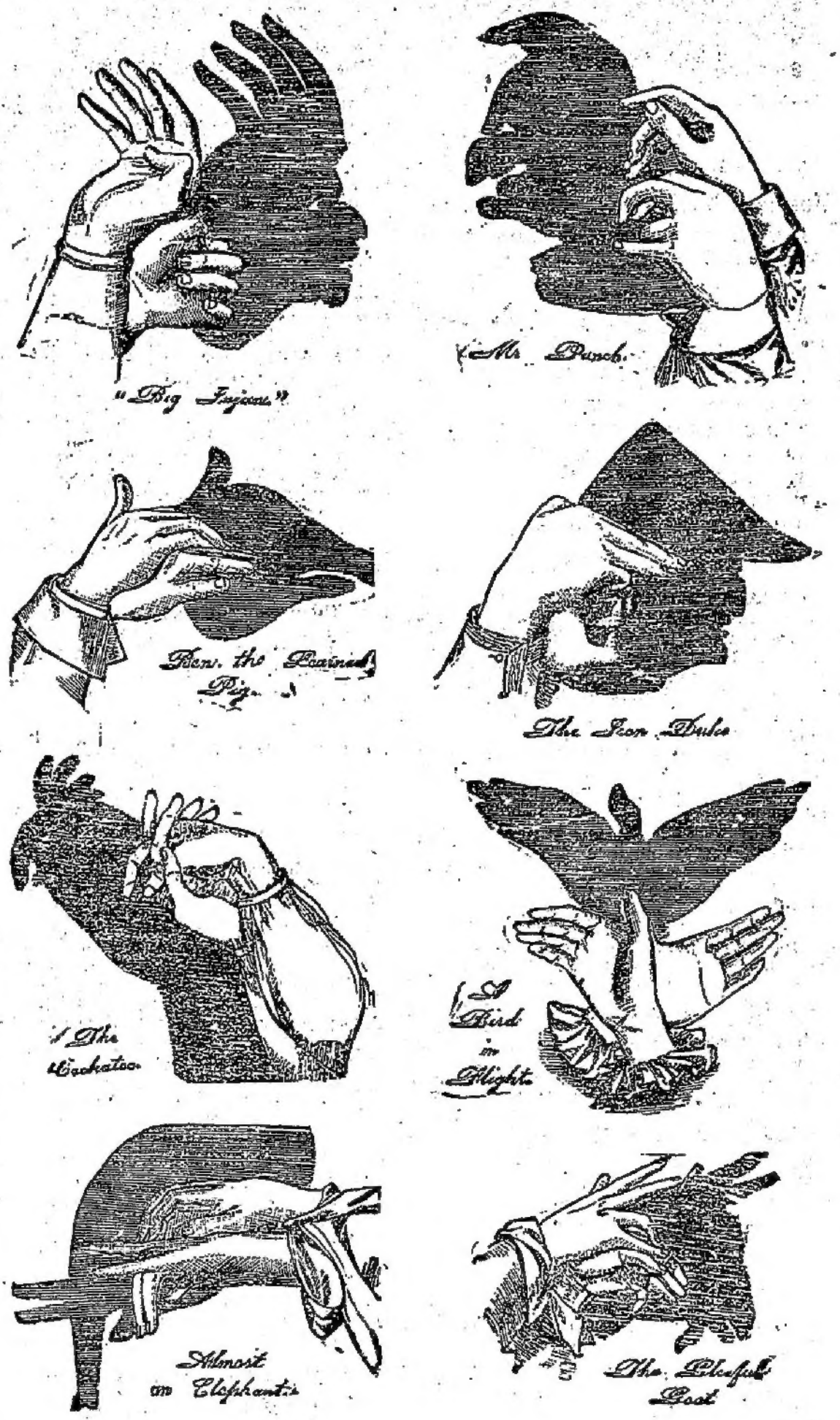
Nora had a headache, and Edith washed the silver and glasses for her. That really seemed like being a missionary; for Nora lived in China; and if it wasn't the right China it didn't matter so very much. Hearing Bunch o' Mischief's letters seemed like missionary work, too; for Edith heard them out of the Bible, and made believe she was teaching a little heathen (Bunch o' Mischief was like a little heathen sometimes) to read.

But the other things, the reading to the old black auntie and weeding the poppies—O dear! missionaries never did those; and if they did it was not any fun. But Edith persevered staunchly. When it was time to go to bed she crept into grandma's lap, and cuddled happily against the dear, soft shoulder.

'It isn't so much fun as I thought, grandma,' she whispered; 'but it leaves a good taste in your mouth.'

And grandma only kissed the tired little face, but the kisses talked to Edith very plainly.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Children's Missionary Friend.'

SHADOW PICTURES.



The Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

'Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
'Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
'And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
'A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—'Longfellow.'

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I.—JULY 1.

Jesus Walking on the Sea.

Matt. xiv., 22-33. Memory verses, 25, 27. Compare Mark vi., 45-56; John vi., 15-21.

Golden Text.

Of a truth thou art the Son of God. —Mat. xiv., 33.

Daily Readings.

M. A Storm. Mk. iv., 35-41.
T. A Song, Psa., lxv., 1-13.
W. A Sermon. Jn. xiv., 1-27.
T. A Warning, Jn. xvi., 1-33.
F. A Prayer. Jn. xvii., 1-26.
S. A. Trial. Mt. xxvi., 30-46.

Lesson Text.

(22) And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him into the other side while he sent the multitudes away. (23) And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone. (24) But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. (25) And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. (26) And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. (27) But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid. (28) And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou bid me come unto thee on the water. (29) And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. (30) But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. (31) And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? (32) And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. (33) Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

Suggestions.

After the feeding of the five thousand with the few small loaves and fishes, the people who had benefited by this miracle became wild with enthusiasm to make Jesus their leader and ruler, and wanted to take him by force to make him a king. (John vi., 14, 15.) But Jesus seeing the danger, and knowing that his own disciples would be eager to join the multitudes in their wild desire, sent the disciples away, bidding them cross the lake in the little boat in which they had come. Then, dispersing the multitudes, the Lord Jesus went up alone into some quiet spot on the mountain to pray.

Our Lord needed the strength which comes only from contact with the Almighty Father. The strength and rest and peace which come from being alone with God, and can be obtained no other way, are necessary to every one who will follow Jesus. It has been pointed out that at this time one of the greatest temptations was again presented to our Lord, that of obtaining a worldly kingdom (Matt. iv., 8., 9,) by worldly and easy means, instead of following God's plan of working hard for a kingdom of hearts. Christ's kingdom must come not by outward reformation but by inward regeneration. The only permanent power is the power of immortality. An immortal soul is worth more than a throne and crown.

Our Saviour could not live his own life without coming into frequent direct contact with his Father, neither can we live a godly life without that power. But our Saviour was not only praying for himself, no doubt he was praying also for his disciples. In the prayer that has been recorded for us (John xvii.) we see how he prayed not only for his disciples then, but for all those who should ever be brought to believe in him. We know also that he still prays for all those who will come to him. (Heb. vii., 25.)

The disciples needed his prayers, for at that very time they were out on the lake in the little open boat, and a fierce storm was raging. Perhaps they thought that their Lord had forgotten them. Perhaps you sometimes think that the Lord has forgotten you, just because you are in the midst of a storm of trial and temptation. That is the very time when your Saviour is remembering you the most and praying that your faith may be strengthened by the very trials you bemoan.

In the fourth watch of the night, between three and six o'clock, toward morning, *Jesus went to his disciples.* As he came near them, the Lord of land and sea, walking on the water, the disciples, seeing him dimly through the mist, cried out with fear saying—it is an apparition. But Jesus spoke to reassure them, and at the sound of his voice their fears subsided and their hearts were filled with joyful relief. The cares and worries of earth may sometimes so distort our vision that we cannot recognize the blessings that come to us, until we hear the voice of Jesus speaking through them, It is I; be not afraid:

O where is He that trod the sea ?
My soul! The Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee:
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb ?
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry ?
'I come,' saith Christ, 'I come.'

Peter, the impulsive disciple, called out to the Lord asking him to call him to walk also on the sea. The Lord said, Come, and Peter without hesitation sprang out of the boat and began to walk toward Jesus. But when he had taken a few steps his faith gave out and he began to think about himself, and took his eyes off Jesus, to note the strength of the waves and the wind. As soon as his faith failed he began to sink, but he did not sink very far before he called out to Jesus, 'Lord, save me.' And immediately Jesus put out his hand and lifted him up, with a tender rebuke for the doubt which Peter had allowed in his heart. As they got into the boat the storm ceased, and those that were in the ship, probably others beside the disciples, came and worshipped the Lord, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

Lord save me, this, the cry of the sinking Peter, should be the cry of every burdened sinking soul. In this cry heaven and earth—the mighty power of God and the weakness of the humblest individual—are connected by the strong cords of salvation. Lord save me—the ear of God is ever open to hear that cry, his arm is always stretched out ready to answer it. (Isa. lix., 1.)

Questions.

1. Why did Jesus send the disciples and the multitude away ?
2. Where were the disciples in the middle of the night ?
3. What did the Lord Jesus do for them ?
4. What did Peter say and do ?
5. Why did Peter begin to sink in the waves ?
6. What lesson may we learn from this ?

C. E. Topic.

July 1. When is a nation safe ? (Deut. xxvi., 1-11.) (A patriotic service.)

Junior C. E Topic.

NATIONAL BLESSINGS.

Mon., June 25. A pleasant land. Ps. xvi., 13.

Tues., June 26. A fruitful land. Ps. lxv., 6.

Wed., June 27. A rich land. Deut. viii., 9.

Thu., June 28. A land with religion. Ps. cxliv., 15.

Fri., June 29. A land with schools. Isa. liv., 13.

Sat., June 30. Men of faith. I. Kings, xix., 18.

Sun., July 1. Topic—How has God blessed our nation ? II. Sam. vii., 18-24. (A patriotic meeting.)

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XVI.—DRUNKARDS.

1. Q.—What is a drunkard?

A.—A person who has become so fond of intoxicating drinks that he drinks whenever he gets a chance and is always getting drunk.

2. Q.—How is a man injured by becoming a drunkard?

A.—He loses all his property, loses all his friends, he ruins his business, he ruins his family, and ruins himself body and soul.

3. Q.—Why does a drunkard lose his property?

A.—Because when a man becomes a drunkard he loses his good sense, becomes a fool, and throws his money away for drink and foolish things.

4. Q.—Why does he lose his friends?

A.—He becomes low and vile and filthy, until his friends cannot endure him.

5. Q.—How does he ruin his business?

A.—By not attending to his business and earning money, by wasting time hanging around saloons and grog shops, and squandering his money for drink.

6. Q.—Why are industry and close attention to business necessary?

A.—Because very few people have property enough to live without earning a living.

7. Q.—Can a drunkard earn his living as a laborer or a mechanic?

A.—No, he cannot; a drunkard will not attend to his work, or do it properly, and nobody will hire him who can get a sober man.

8. Q.—Can a drunkard make money as a storekeeper?

A.—No, he cannot; because he is not fit to wait upon customers, and everybody imposes upon him.

9. Q.—Can a drunkard be a doctor?

A.—No; he is never in his office when wanted, he goes to see his patients when he is drunk, and is liable to give poison instead of medicine.

10. Q.—Do doctors ever kill their patients in this way?

A.—Yes; doctors sometimes give deadly poison instead of proper medicine; drunken drug clerks put up the wrong prescriptions, and the patients die.

11. Q.—Can a drunkard be a successful lawyer?

A.—No; for no man can trust him.

12. Q.—Can a drunkard be a successful banker?

A.—No; because no drunkard could ever make money enough to become a banker, or if he had it left to him, could keep it. No one would trust their money to his care.

13. Q.—Can a drunkard be successful in any business?

A.—No; universal experience tells us that drunkards either die young, or die poor, and can never be trusted. The Bible says: 'Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.'—Prov. xxiii., 20, 21.

'Boy Billy' and the Beer.

'Boy Billy' was the adopted son of Christian Zende, an honest German, who was very much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager beer saloon, tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of things. Billy looked on with curiosity.

'Come here, Billy,' said Christian Zende. 'Why were you in the beer-shop to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?'

'O—O—because it's good,' said Billy, boldly.

'No, Billy, it's not good to the mouth. I did never see such big faces as you did make. Billy, you think it will taste good by-and-by, and it looks like a man to drink, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good

have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home, take your drink pure, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy! You like beer. Well, open your mouth. I have all the beer stuff, pure from the shop. Come, open your mouth, and I will put it in.'

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, 'Don't you make me mad, Billy. Open your mouth.'

Thus exhorted Billy opened his mouth, and Zende put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. This was worse. Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife-point, made Billy howl.

'What, not like beer?' said Zende. 'Open your mouth.' A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

'Open your mouth, the beer is not half made yet.'

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime and potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of licorice, hop pollen and saltpetre.'

'Look, Billy!' Here is some arsenic, and some strychnine which is used to kill rats!'

'I shall die! O—O—O—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?'

'Kill him! just by a little beer, all good and pure! He tells me he likes beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give him some he cries that I kill him. Here is water. There is much water in beer.'

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on.

'There is much alcohol in beer, Here! open your mouth,' and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

'Come here, the beer is not done, Billy'; and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, and then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall. 'There, Billy! here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid and nux vomica. Open your mouth.'

'Oh, no, no,' said Billy. 'Let me go. I hate beer. I'll never drink any more! I'll never go into that shop again. Oh! let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful, no. 'Oh, take them away Father Zende!

'Take them away! Take away good beer when I have paid for it. My boy, you drank them fast, to-day.'

'Oh, they make me sick!' said Billy.

'A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face; he gets big in the body; he gets shaky in his hands; he gets weak in his eyes; he gets mean in his manners.'

Billy was satisfied on the beer question.—'Little Star,' from the German.

Teetotal.

A correspondent of 'Hand and Heart' writes to that paper as follows:—May I venture to send you the following extract from an old notebook of mine on the origin of the word 'Teetotal'?

Many explanations have been given of the word 'teetotal,' but the following is the correct one. Among the early converts was Richard Turner, a hawker of fish, whose speech was fluent, if not refined. Richard would coin words to express his meaning when others failed.

About twelve months after the pledge was signed, and while the controversy with those who only abstained from spirits was still warm, Richard delivered a fervid speech, in which he spoke against any half-measures, and declared 'nothing but the te-te-total would do.' Mr. Livesey—who was the founder of the movement in favor of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks—who was present, at once cried out, 'That shall be the name.' The meeting cheered, and from that time the word 'teetotal' was applied to entire, as contrasted with partial, abstinence.

The author of the name was a staunch advocate of the cause for many years, and at his death was followed to the grave by hundreds of teetotalers—the streets of Preston being thronged by spectators.

An inscription over his grave says:—

'Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal, as applied to abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846. Aged 56 years.'

Correspondence

Taylor Head.

Dear Editor,—I am an only child. Mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I have to walk nearly three miles to school in summer and in winter stay at home. MARY. (Aged 10.)

Arthur.

Dear Editor,—My papa is the one who takes the Sunday-school. We get prizes Sunday for regular attendance. I am learning verses out of the Bible this year, and saying Catechism, and trying to be there every Sunday. I have a cold to-day, but I was at church. My papa takes the 'Weekly Witness.' The 'Northern Messenger' is a very nice paper. My sister is reading the Black Rock story in it.

LOYDE P. (Aged 10.)

Waterville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have read 'Robinson Crusoe' twice. It is the first story I ever read. I like it very much. I am now reading 'Gulliver's Travels.' I have one brother named Francis. ROYCE G. (Aged 7.)

Boyd Road, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old and go to school every day I can although I have two miles and a half to go. I have six sisters. My sister Clara takes the 'Messenger' and we all like it.

GUY CHESTER Mc.

Nashwaaksis, York Co.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and one sister. My father is a farmer. I go to school about every day. I am taking music lessons Saturdays.

JENNIE B. (Aged 10.)

Parry Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have four brothers and three sisters. My father is a builder and contractor. JEANIE L. (Aged 10.)

Beachville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little brother five years old; he and I have good fun playing together. I am very fond of drawing.

ETHELWYN C. M. (Aged 9.)

Apsley.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about five years and would not like to be without it now. I have three brothers and one sister.

JOHN W. (Aged 12.)

Dear Editor,—I live in the small village of Tiverton, two miles and a half from Lake Huron. We hold our picnics there in the summer and we have a very nice time. My father is a blacksmith and leads the choir in the Presbyterian Church. Our minister is the Rev. Mr. McLennan, who was a missionary in Honan, China.

JEANNETTA E. (Aged 12.)

Holland's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school next summer. Grandma is living with us. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and I learn the Golden Text and get a picture card.

FLOSSIE R. (Aged 4.)

Barrie Island, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I went to day school one day. I have a little niece, one year old. Her name is Clara. I have four big brothers. Pearly went to school two days. Pearly is my sister, and is six years old. We like to hear mamma read the letters in the 'Messenger.'

PERCY L. R. (Aged 5.)

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—Two of my brothers, with myself, belong to the Band of Hope since 1893. We have signed the Triple Pledge and I am happy to say we have never broken it. We also belong to the Christian Endeavor and we did once belong to the Mission Band. I am in the entrance class at school. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and enjoy it very much.

A. P. (Aged 11.)

P.S.—We have no pets.

Cole Lake.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have two sisters. They like to read it, too. My papa keeps a store. I go to school LILLIAN K. (Aged 8.)

Weldmann.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much and also the correspondence. I live on the second line of Enniskillen, with my father and one brother. He is thirteen years old. My mother died when I was three years old. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school every Sunday and we have a nice teacher.

MARY B. S.

Winslow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and love to read the little folks' correspondence.

ELLA. (Aged 14.)

Westport.

Dear Editor—I have been going to the Presbyterian Sunday-school for the last seven years, and I have got the 'Messenger' to read. I find it good reading. I have taken the first prize in saying the Shorter Catechism the last two years.

FELISTA W.

Trout Lake.

Dear Editor,—My oldest brother is in New York in a store. I have a canary; it sings all the time. I have three pet lambs and a black rabbit and a black and white kitten. ROSILLA L.

Fitzroy Harbor.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years and likes it very much. We keep a store. I have three brothers and one sister.

ANNIE. (Aged 10.)

Northport.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy reading the little folks' page, and the correspondence best. I have three sisters and two brothers, one of whom is away teaching school. There are four stores and three blacksmith shops here.

NORMAN ANGUS. (Aged 10.)

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—We take our skates to school when the ice is good. My brother gets the 'Messenger' from Sunday-school and I like to read the correspondence.

HOWARD. (Aged 7.)

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I go to a Band of Hope. My cousin teaches it. Mamma teaches two more; and my aunt has charge of another, so I sometimes go to the four of them. I have a brother. We have some hens. They are laying eggs, and we give some to sick friends.

MARY F. (Aged 7.)

Holland's Mills.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and six brothers. One brother is in Calgary, N. W. T. We live on a farm of three hundred acres. We have quite a flock of hens.

LILY R. (Aged 11.)

Speedside.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Congregational Sunday-school. We get the Messenger every Sunday and I would not like to be without it. Our pastor is Mr. Pollock. I like him very much. I have three brothers and one sister. I have two pets, one a dog and the other a cat. They like each other very much. JOHNNY ALLAN.

Thames View, Hyde Park.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger' I thought I would write one, too. I like the 'Messenger' very much. Papa says Uncle sent it to him thirty years ago. He liked it much then. He likes it yet, and takes it for my brother. He says the 'Messenger' is death on smoking. He never smoked. He says my two brothers will never smoke if we stick to the 'Messenger.' My brothers and I are members of a Band of Hope in Ireland. We meet once a month. The meeting is begun with a temperance song and prayer. The president says the pledge; each one says it after him. After that come temperance songs and recitations and dialogues and once in a while we get a preacher from a distance and he makes a very long speech. Once a year we have an excursion. We have a lot of large and small banners labelled 'God is love,' 'The children for Christ,' 'Wine is a mocker.' ROBERT.

HOUSEHOLD.

Preparing and Cooking Cape Cod Turkey.

('Christian Work.')

Why long years ago some one dubbed salt codfish 'Cape Cod turkey,' it may be easy to imagine. The fishery itself, and the preparation in salting, drying and getting the fish ready for market, certainly long furnished employment, if not wealth, to the hardy fishermen dwelling along the north-eastern point of the old Bay State. As the cod had to stand for much in the way of luxury for them, it doubtless often answered for their turkey. When properly prepared and cooked, however, what epicurean would willingly slight the modern fish cake?

Our granddames used to call them 'fish balls,' and such, in truth, they were, and whatever may be said of some other things, it must, I think, be admitted, that the fish cake of to-day is far and away a more relishable dish than the old-time fish ball. The latter was apt to be too large, too solid and too salt. The delicious flat cake of to-day is an altogether different affair. And yet there are fish cakes and fish cakes, as well as two of a kind with many other things.

Some people in preparing salt fish for cakes or mince fish—we prefer this term to 'hash'—instead of putting the fish in soak over night, think it answers the purpose as well to change the water two or three times in which it is boiled. Other experienced housekeepers prefer to put the fish in soak over night, and to change the water once while it is boiling. I incline towards this method, as it leaves the salty flavor which it is desirable to retain without having the fish too salt, or as hard as it is likely to be when not soaked.

One great secret in making nice fish cakes lies in having a great deal more potato than fish. Some of the nicest fish cakes I have ever eaten were made in this wise: Put pieces of codfish in water over night (cold water), then boil until tender the next morning, changing the water once, at least, during the process of boiling. Have pared potatoes cooking in another kettle. Chop the fish at once while hot, and mash right into the chopping tray the hot potatoes, not minding if they go into the tray in quite a moist state. Melt in quite a sizable piece of butter, and if the mixture is at all stiff add a little warm milk. It is impossible to indicate accurately how stiff the preparation should be, but while there should be nothing really wet or slushy about it, there yet should be a soft, fine consistency to it that would seem as if it would remain tender after being fried.

Have ready a bowl of cold water, dip the fingers into it, take up a piece of the mince a trifle larger than an egg, roll it into a soft round ball, then splat it down, shaping a nice little flat cake that will fry evenly throughout. Go on in this way until all are formed, placing them on a large plate or platter that has had flour dredged over it. When all are formed dredge a little flour over the top of them. If it is deemed advisable to prepare the cakes on Saturday for Sunday morning, they really fry better after being kept in a cool place overnight, then placed carefully in the hot fat. No great amount of fat is necessary in frying. Keep enough in the pan to brown thoroughly first on one side of the cakes, and then the other, replenishing the fat as it may be needed. Corn beef fat is one of the very nicest kinds in which to fry fish cakes. It seems to impart a sweetness to the crisp outside peculiar to itself. But this, of course, when no vegetables whatever have been boiled with the meat, the drippings being clear and only slightly salt.

Minced fish is rendered doubly delightful to many people by having boiled beets mixed in, and there are men who think that an infusion of onion adds greatly to this ofttimes favorite mixture.

I was myself once a guest at the house of a hospitable old lady, who, as she was busy and the skies were lowering, said to her maid that she might have 'a good, old-fashioned minced fish' for supper. As one member of the family regarded this meal rather in the light of a dinner, something hearty was usually provided. Shortly before mealtime a lively niece and her father arrived.

'Dear me!' said Auntie B., 'I haven't anything for supper but some minced codfish with beets in it!'

This meant, of course, nothing of the meat line. But the niece laughed merrily. 'You couldn't have hit papa's taste more completely,' she said, 'if you had tried all day. We always have fish cakes or minced fish on Sunday mornings, when he feasts to his heart's content. A fish cake or two are almost always set up with which to regale him on Monday nights at dinner; then mama laughs at the pleading expression with which he will look around on Tuesday night, and ask if she doesn't think perhaps there is a bit of a fish cake left.'

These simple, inexpensive dishes, when liked at all, are usually liked immensely, and young housekeepers will find that it will pay to experiment with things of this kind until—as will be the case after a little practice—they can prepare them to perfection.

Disguised as Stamps.

(Anthony Comstock, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'I would about as soon have given my boy a cup of poison as hand him these papers.'

So writes a widow in forwarding to me for investigation a package sent through the mails to her only child, a son, which she had opened, and found in it matters of most degrading character.

In order to deceive and hoodwink parents, teachers, and guardians, the scoundrel sending out this particular package had printed upon one corner of the envelope the words, 'This envelope contains valuable approval sheets of stamps.'

The young man who sent this matter to this youth was also sending to other youths whose names he had obtained in some mysterious manner. He had previously been arrested and convicted for sending obscene books through the mails. In one case he sent fourteen varieties of the same kind of deadly influences into an academy of one hundred and forty-five boys. At the time of his former arrest, we seized about sixteen thousand books in his office and the office of his publisher.

Parents are often criminally indifferent to the influences that are being exerted upon the minds of their children.

Twenty institutions of learning have been brought to our notice this present year where the tempter has sought out innocent youths to entrap them by means of vile books, pictures, or advertisements.

The walls of the Chamber of Imagery in the hearts of our youth are constantly being decorated with these criminal scenes, stories, pictures and details. Memory's storehouse is made the receptacle of vain and criminal thoughts. It is turned into an immoral pest-house, where the spirit of evil presides.

The reproductive faculties of the mind are to furnish entertainment through eye and ear. Appetites and emotions which lie dormant are aroused and started in the wrong direction. When thus aroused they assail the soul with fiendish malignity. Motives to pure living are swept into the vortex of vice. Spiritual emotions are unbalanced. Conscience is unhinged. The mind becomes a charnel-house, filled with the odious indecencies which unscrupulous men and women utter and publish for gain, utterly regardless of the deadly influences they are scattering among the rising generation.

We are every day brought face to face with such fiendish efforts to degrade the youth of this nation. The attack is made through the Chamber of Imagery, and the missiles used are sensational, criminal, and otherwise degrading books and pictures, stories, posters, and low play-houses.

For Round Shoulders.

I have seen a stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, entirely cured by the very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in perfectly perpendicular position several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfect position with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly; the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling, as our professor used to put it, as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise upon the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all of the muscles of the legs and body; come again into the standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot and then on the other. It is wonderful what a straightening-out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.—Annie Jenness Miller.

Selected Recipes.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak four tablespoonfuls of tapioca in water over night, drain off the water, and put the tapioca in a quart of milk with a little salt; butter half the size of an egg; boil until it thickens; beat the yolks of four eggs, and stir in just before taking from the fire; one cup of sugar; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add immediately after being taken from the fire. Flavor to suit the taste.

Apple Custard.—Stew until tender, in a very little water, a dozen apples; flavor with the grated rind of a lemon; rub them through a sieve, and to three cups of the strained apple, add nearly two cups of sugar; leave it until cold; beat five eggs very light, and stir alternately into one quart of rich milk with the apples; pour into a pudding dish and bake. To be eaten cold.

Soft Frosting.—One cup granulated sugar, one-fourth cup milk. Set it over the fire and stir until it boils, then let it boil five minutes without stirring. Place the pan in ice water and beat rapidly until white and light. As it stiffens add flavoring to taste, and before it is very stiff pour it on the cake; smooth with a knife.

Snow Pudding.—Three sour apples, pare and core and steam until soft; beat them with a silver spoon and set away to cool, then add white of one egg, and a cup of powdered sugar; beat one hour. Sauce—yolk of one egg, one cup of milk, half cup of sugar; let boil up, then remove from fire; flavor with vanilla. Serve cold.

Fig Sandwiches are a nice change occasionally from the everyday meat and jam. Chop them up finely and squeeze lemon juice over them and spread on bread and butter.

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